PURE WATER A GREAT NEED

Mr. Geo. H. Coryell Talks About Washington's Supply.

HE ADVOCATES FILTRATION

The Potomac Defiled From Various Sources—Biologically Its Water Is Classed as "Doubtful"—Sand Filter Bed and a New Reservoir Would Insure Purity and Plenty.

The question of Washington's water supply is again uppermost in the minds of a number of prominent citizens and scientists and a move for proper filtration arrangements is being talked of. Mr. George H. Coryell, a civil engineer of much experience, was seen recently by a Times reporter and interviewed upon the subject. Mr. Coryell was employed for several years on the Washington aqueduct tunnel, and since then has devoted much time to the consideration of how our present supply could be improved. In the course of his remarks he said:

The most important question to be considered as to the health of cities and towns and their sanitary condition should be the securing of an ample supply of healthful drinking water and a thorough sewerage system. The water supply should not only be adequate to the wants of the cities and towns, but, as a safeguard to health, it should be made as nearly pure and healthful as possible by filtration. There is a class of persons who claim that it is not necessary to filter water before using from the reservoir for drinking purposes. No engineer of experience or competent sanitary officer can assert without fear of contradiction that a stream of water will purify itself within any given distance.

For example, we will take the Potomac River. Its head waters are forty miles or more from Cumberland, Md., and it flows more than five hundred miles into Chesapeake Bay, draining the eastern slope of the Alleghany Mountains. On the upper Potomac there are a number of small towns and villages which discharge their storm and waste water, together with their sewer drainage, into the river. In addition to this accumulation of unhealthful matter which the river gathers in its course to the bay, there is a canal that runs along its banks from Cumberland to Georgetown, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, which contributes its vast amount of filth to the river through its waste wiers, probably more than from any other source. This canal is a collector of impurities from its source to its mouth, and daily pours its deadly germs of disease into the water supply of Washington.

Notwithstanding this condition of affairs, no remedy has as yet been successfully adapted to entirely relieve the people of this evil. I have never yet seen or heard of an intelligent reason being given why this condition should not be remedied and the city supplied with pure, healthful water. In May, 1886, Capt. T. W. Symonds, one of the ablest engineers of the Army, made a report upon purifying the water supply of the city of Washington under a resolution of the United States Senate. After extensive inquiry and much study upon the subject Capt. Symonds says that he is led to the conclusion that the water supply of Washington will be greatly improved by filtration and aeration, and that it is advisable and practical to do it. During the spring and summer of 1885 the condition of the impure Potomac water was widely discussed through the press of this and other cities.

The many analyses made by the most learned chemists of the country established the fact that the water of the Potomac as received into the reservoirs and distributed to consumers, was not satisfactory as a healthful drinking water. This subject was referred to a committee of the Medical Society of Washington which made a thorough investigation, and in its report states:

"Many of the complaints made against the water supply might be stopped by a proper filtration and aeration of the water on a complete scale by the authorities."

The free discussion of this matter at that time through the press, by scientists and the consumers of water in Washington, showed a united sentiment in favor of a perfect pure water supply. There are no sanitary improvements within the inventive genius of man that should rank higher in the estimation of the people of cities than a pure water supply.

The National Board of Health in 1881-82 analyzed a great number of waters which supplies other cities and towns. The chemical analysis of the Potomac water as given by this board shows that it contains a considerable amount of organic matter, and is classed as "medium purity." Biologically, it is classed as "doubtful."

It is an established fact that diseases are communicated by live organisms in water, which makes the process of filtration of the greatest importance. Doctors Koch, of Berlin, Frankland and Bishop, of England, have made many experiments upon the subject of germ culture in water, to determine how these microbe organisms can be eliminated in the following ways:

First—By filtration through different mediums.

Secondly—By agitation with solid particles.

Thirdly—By chemical precipitation.

Fourthly—By natural agencies.

The Journal of the Society of Chemical Industry, December, 1885, contains a report from Dr. Frankland, in regards the filtration of water. He says:

"It is possible by proper filtration to entirely deprive water of its germ life. After complete deprivation of its germ life, if water is exposed to the ordinary influences of air and contact with biologically unclean material used for its storage and conveyance, its germ life is being rapidly reintroduced and multiplied. Most filtrating materials lose a certain portion of their efficiency with continued use. In some cases if the water is filtered through materials which have been in use for months the germ life has been greatly increased by the operation. This was the case with animal charcoal. Some materials which exert but an insignificant chemical action are completely successful in purifying water from a biological point of view. This is the case with powdered coke and charcoal."

Prof. Smith, of the United States Department of Agriculture, made some interesting experiments by the gelatine plate culture of Potomac water, and found it impregnated with microbe organisms much more than it should be, and more than the filtered waters of London and Berlin.

Dr. W. W. Johnson, president of the Medical Society of the District of Columbia, wrote to Capt. Symonds under date of March 15, 1886, in which he used the following language:

"There can be no question as to the desirability of filtering the water supply of this city. It is a reproach to the seat of Government, when the question of health is considered. There is every reason for urging that the Potomac water should be filtered. It is well known that as malarial fevers disappear from cities by improved drainage and drying of the soil typhoid fever takes it place, and in the propagation of typhoid fever no agent is so active as a polluted water supply.

"In Washington typhoid fever is becoming more and more our endemic fever, to the exclusion of malarial fevers, and if the effort should be made to render the water supply pure and wholesome it will, I believe, undoubtedly diminish the extent and severity of typhoid fever. Diarrheal diseases, which so extensively prevail here during the summer, are largely due to infected water."

Dr T. S. Verdi, who was president of the board of health of the District of Columbia in 1876, under a resolution of Congress of that year inspected the water works and thoroughly examined the Potomac water, finding it very impure. In his report to Congress he recommended "filtration as the means to remove the evil and to render the Potomac water used in the city harmless and salutary."

Dr. Charles Smart, surgeon U. S. A., one of the most eminent physicians of the country, and for many years member of the national board of health, says in a letter to Capt Symonds, dated March 17, 1886:

"The water supply of a city like Washington should certainly be filtered before distribution. In referring to the advantages of filtration I would direct attention especially to the cause of typhoid and remittent fevers. Filtration removes from surface water the essence of the remittent fevers that may be in it. Therefore, to make Washington a healthful city and to make it free from remittent fevers it is as needful to filter its water supply as it is to reclaim the flats and destroy their deleterious exhalations, for which Congress has already provided.

"Filtration of water for cities, in a limited way, has been in use in this country for many years. In Europe, however, many of the largest cities have filtration works constructed on a large scale, at a great cost, and are prized as being essential to the health of water consumers and to add greatly to sanitary conditions. These methods are 'natural filtration' and 'artificial filter beds.'"

Natural filtration is the simplest of all water clarifications. It is accomplished by taking a natural bed of sand and using it as a filter, and it is claimed to be the most economical of any system yet adopted by engineering experts. It is also claimed that when water has passed through these sand beds into a receiving reservoir, then it is cleared of all impurities and is healthful for drinking purposes.

If Washington had a complete sand-filter bed system for its water supply, along with the Aqueduct tunnel and new reservoir, it would then have an abundant supply of healthy water, equal to its future growth and the demands for many years to come.

The Real Navajo Blanket.

The Navajo Indian of New Mexico and Arizona cannot vie with the modern Turk in rugs, but when it comes to blankets he can beat the world—or, rather, he could, for it is nearly a generation since a Navajo blanket of strictly the first class has been created. Here is a lost art—not because the Navajos no longer know how, but because they will no longer take the trouble. They make thousands of blankets still—thick, coarse, fuzzy things, which are the best camping blankets to be had anywhere, and most comfortable robes. But of the superb old ponchos and zarapes for chiefs—those iron fabrics woven from vayeta in Turkish cloth imported specially for them and sold at $6 a pound, unraveled by them, and its thread reincarnate in an infinitely better new body!—not one has been woven in twenty years. It is a loss to the world, but the collector who began in time can hardly be philanthropist enough to lament the deterioration which has made it impossible that even the richest rival shall ever be able to match his treasures.

There are still Navajos (20,000 of them) and there is still vayeta, and as there are people who would give $500 for an absolutely first-class vayeta blanket, you might fancy that the three things would pool. But that is to forget the Navajo. He is a barbarian, to whom enough is an elegant sufficiency. By weaving the cheap and wretched blankets of today—wretched, that is, as works of art—he can get all the money he desires. Why, then, toil a twelve-month over a blanket for $500 (which is more coin than he can imagine, anyhow) when a week's work will bring $5?

The art of the Navajo blanket is as old as Plymouth rock—and almost as bigoted. You can tell a genuine just as far as you can see it. It is a curious fact known to the student that, when left to himself, the Indian never blunders in color. It is only when too long rubbed with our shoddy civilization and poisoned with the ease and cheapness of our aniline dyes that he perpetrates atrocities. His eye for color is elemental and absolutely correct. Red is king—and no magenta, mauve or lake, but true red. Blue is good, because it stands for the sky, and green because it is the grass, and yellow for the sun, and white for the clouds and snow—and these are the only colors found in a strictly perfect Navajo blanket. To the Indian color is a part of religion, and purples and pinks, and other colors he never can use until he is fully corrupted. The blanket of today is the most graphic witness to the falling off of the aborigine that ever came into court. It is full of hues that any decent Indian knows to be literally infamous. A generation ago a Navajo would have been put to death by his people if simply found in possession of one of those witch colors. But the true old blanket was as perfect in its color scheme as in its weaving—and I have blankets which have for seventy-five years done duty on an adobe floor.

Of course, at all times, these gems were comparatively few. Not every Navajo weaver was a master, and not so many could afford a blanket whose thread cost $6 a pound as could "stand" the natural wool at 30 cents. But what has done the most to make the old-time blanket scarce is the fact that it was almost invariably buried with its owner. In the Christian graveyards of the Pueblos, in the barbaric, lonely last cuddling places of Navajo captains, the vast majority of the perfect blankets have gone to the worms. I myself have seen ponchos not three collections in the world could match today swathed about a corpse and covered with six feet of earth, and you can fancy if that would make a collector gnash his teeth.—N. Y. Tribune.

How They Prepare Their Sermons.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that he was constantly preparing his sermons—on the street cars, walking along the streets, and wherever he happened to be. He rarely put pen to paper until a few hours before the time for the delivery of the sermon.

Bishop Phillips Brooks spoke almost entirely without manuscript or even notes. He selected the topic and pitched upon the text, then gave himself up to careful mental study, sometimes sitting for hours in an easy chair with closed eyes while thus engaged. Occasionally he jotted down a few of the sermon's subdivisions on paper, but not often.

Dr. Talmage dictates his sermons to a stenographer and then memorizes them.

Archbishop Corrigan constructs his sermon mentally first, then dictates to a stenographer and revises carefully, eliminating all superfluous words. He has it recopied, sometimes two or three times, after which, by reading it over once or twice, he learns it by heart, so that he seems to deliver it extemporaneously.

Two Odes Without a Single Thought.

VICTORIA.

June 20, 1837. June 20, 1897.

I.

The lark went up, the mower whet his scythe,
On golden meads kine ruminating lay,
And all the world felt young again and blithe,
Just as today.

II.

The partridge shook her covey from her wings,
And limped along the grass; on leaf and lawn,
Shimmered the dew, and every throat that sings
Chanted the dawn.

III.

The doe was followed by her new-dropped fawn,
And, folding all her feathers on her breast,
The swan within the reedmace deep withdrawn
Dreamed on her nest.

IV.

In the green wheat the poppy burst aflame,
Wildrose and woodbine garlanded the glade,
And, twin with maiden summer, forth there came
A Summer Maid.

V.

Her face was as the face of mid June when
Blossoms the meadowsweet, the bindweed blows;
Pale as a lily first she blenched, and then
Blushed like a rose.

VI.

They placed a crown upon her fair young brow,
They put a sceptre in her girlish hand,
Saying, "Behold! You are sovereign lady now
Of this great land."

VII.

Silent she gazed, as one who doth not know
The meaning of a message. When she broke
The hush of awe around her, 'twas as though
Her soul that spoke.

VIII.

"With this dread summons, since 'tis Heaven's decree,
I would not palter, even if I could;
But, being a woman only, I can be
Not great, but good.

IX.

"I cannot don the breastplate and the helm,
To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird,
Nor in the discords that distract a realm
Be seen or heard.

X.

"But in my people's wisdom will I share,
And in their valor play a helpful part,
Lending them still, in all they do or dare,
My woman's heart.

XI.

"And haply it may be that, by God's grace,
And unarmed Love's sin vulnerable might,
I may, though woman, lead a manly race
To higher height;

XII.

"If wise will curb disorderly desire,
The Present hold the parent Past in awe,
Religion hallowing with its sacred fire
Freedom and Law

XIII.

"Never to be broken long as I shall reign,
The solemn covenant 'twixt them and me,
To keep this kingdom, moated by the main,
Loyal yet free."

XIV.

Thus with grave utterance and majestic mein,
She with her eighteen summers filled the throne
Where Alfred sate; a girl, with all a Queen,
Aloft, alone!

XV.

But Love that hath the power to force apart
The bolts, and balk the sentinels of Kings,
Came o'er the sea, and in her April heart
Folded his wings.

XVI.

Thenceforth more dear than diadem she owned
A princely helpmate, sharer in her trust,
If not her scepter—since, withal, enthroned
By Time, the just.

XVII.

Scorner of wrong and lover of the right,
Compounded all of nobleness he seemed,
And was, indeed, the perfect, gentle knight
The poet dreamed.

XVIII

So when the storm of wrath arose that drave
Scared rulers from their realms, her throne, deep laid
In liberty and trust, calm shelter gave
To Kings dismayed.

XIX.

And stronger grew the bond of love and grace
Betwixt her and her people, while that she
Reigned the glad mother of a royal race,
Rulers to be.

XX.

But Death that deepens love in darkening life
Turned to a pall the purple of her throne.
Then, more than once the maid, the widowed wife
Reigned all alone!

XXI.

"Leave me awhile to linger with the dead,"
Weeping, she sued. "But doubt not that I still
Am nuptialed to my people, and have wed
Their deathless will.

XXII.

"Their thoughts shall be my thoughts, their aim my aim,
Their free-lent loyalty my right divine;
Mine will I make their triumphs, mine their fame,
Their sorrows mine.

XXIII.

"And I will be the bond to link them all
In patriot purpose till my days be done,
So that, in mind and might, whate'er befall,
They still keep One."

XXIV.

Then to the winds yet wider was unfurled
The Flag that tyrants never could enslave,
Till its strong wisdom governed half the world,
And all the wave!

XXV.

And, panoplied alike for War or Peace,
Victoria's England furroweth still the foam
To harvest Empire, wiser than was Greece,
Wider than Rome!

XXVI.

Therefore with glowing hearts and proud, glad tears,
The children of her island realm today
Recall her sixty venerable years
Of virtuous sway.

XXVII.

Now, too, from where St. Lawrence winds adown
'Twixt forests felled and plains that feel the plough,
And Ganges jewels the imperial crown
That girds her brow.

XXVIII.

From Afric's cape, where loyal watchdogs bark,
And Britain's sceptre ne'er shall be withdrawn,
And that young continent that greets the dark;
When we the dawn;

XXIX.

From steel-capped promontories stern and strong,
And lone eyes mounting guard upon the main,
Hither her subjects wend to hail her long
Resplendent reign.

XXX.

And ever when mid-June's musk-roses blow,
Our race will celebrate Victoria's name,
And even England's greatness gain a glow
From her pure fame.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

CASTORIA.

I.

The lark went up: and he came down again;
The cow she chewed ruminatingly and mooed.
The people wore their go-to-meeting suits,
They felt so good.

II.

The hens looked meditative and sedate
And scratched for angle-worms; the red-faced fruit
Hung on tomato-vines; and then was heard
A joyous toot.

III.

The whistle of the noon excursion train
Punctured the air, and flushed the farmer's cheek,
Expectant of the revenue that comes
But once a week.

IV.

In the green woods was heard the popping cork,
The cans and peanut-shells the feasters hurl,
And to the picnic came—a summer peach—
The Summer Girl.

V.

Light as a fay, her '97 wheel;
In her brief skirt and gaiters neat she sat;
Her rosy shirt-waist matched her cheeks; she wore
A sailor hat.

VI.

They pinned a badge upon that pink shirt-waist.
They said: "What man accomplished woman can,
For you have ridden from the city out
Just like a man."

VII.

Silent she gazed, as if all out of breath,
Or pondering what pearls of truth to let
Fall from her dainty lips; then with a smile
She said: "You bet!"

VIII.

"With humps and angles, such as scorchers' use,
I wouldn't monkey even if I could,
But if I chose to make a record warm
I think I would.

IX.

"I do not enter races, nor desire
To do trick riding, nor is my intent
Because I ride the wheel, to don the garb
Of circus tent.

X.

"But I can pedal up the longest hill,
And down the hill can coast with joyous heart,
And more than all, successfully can take
My wheel apart.

XI.

"And sometimes when the Fates propitious are,
Through green suburban lanes I gayly flit
For two-er two utter bliss it is upon
Tandem to sit.

XII.

"If people use their judgment when they ride,
And do not headers take, nor try to perch
Upon the handlebars a bike is safe
As any church.

XIII.

"Thus I express to you, explicit, clear,
The feelings that I feel,
And as for me, while I can see to steer,
I'll ride a wheel."

XIV.

Thus spoke the maid; she said with truthful mein,
That she was eighteen years of age that day,
They did not know how many summers through
She'd stay that way.

XV.

Cupid arrived: on downy wings the god
Was wont in summer nights softly to steal
And whisper in the maiden's ear, but now
He rides a wheel.

XVI.

And consequently when the proper time
Arrived the maid was married on her bike.
The happy two upon their tandem two-er
Westward did strike.

XVII.

He was a bike repairer, and he seemed
To know it all, and always have on hand
A plaster for the worst-bedevilled wheel
In all the land.

XVIII.

Thus when the time of century runs arrived,
When accidents and sprawling folks begin
To cover all the landscape, cash galore
He did rake in.

XIX.

And she became an agent for the wheel,
And swiftly grew their fortune, while that she
Sold wheels to President, Congressman, doctor, priest,
And got the fee.

XX.

Thus did the market have a gorgeous boom,
And scorchers multiplied in manner grand,
Until the Scorchers' Union spread itself
O'er all the land.

XXI.

And since the world is nuptialed to the bike,
Let battleships and serried legions raid
Our coast at every point—and cannons, too—
We're not afraid.

XXII.

From where the waters of the Eastern Branch
Sweep, dash, and do whatever else they do,
To where in 'Frisco Bay, with silver sound,
The wavelets coo;

XXIII.

From lands where people bow-wow to their gods—
En gods—at least, that's what the hymn books say—
And other places where they use their tin
In a more righteous way;

XXIV.

From Paramaribo and Chimbuctoo
And various towns, whose names I can't recall,
Inhabitants will buy our wheels—I think
I've said it all.

SOME NEWSPAPER NEWS.

And Some Remarks on the Relation of Newspapers to Population.

"You may not be aware of it," sententiously remarked the newspaper sharp to the editor, "but there are in the United States a grand total of 19,876 publications which go through the mails at publishers' rates, divided up into 2,046 dailies, 14,330 weeklies, 358 semi-weeklies, 43 tri-weeklies, 2,550 monthlies, 391 semi-monthlies, 89 bi-monthlies, 4 tri-monthlies, 159 quarterlies and 159 semi-quarterlies.

"Of course, New York leads," said the editor, with some local pride, being a New York man.

"In point of number of publications, yes; but her total, 1,972, doesn't divide up as largely among her 5,999,853 people as does Nevada's 27 among her 45,761 people. In other words, my dear sir," and the sharp grinned with ghoulish glee, "New York will have to multiply her list about three times to get up to the Nevada standard. The Illinois standard, including Chicago, with 1,587 publications to 3,826,351 people, is higher than that of New York, and so are several others."

The editor winced at the information.

"How about dailies?" asked the editor.

"New York has 176, which is 20 less than Pennsylvania, and 12 more than Illinois and Ohio, each of which has 164, and 34 more than Indiana, whose population is 3,807,-449 less than New York's. However, New York comes to the front bigon monthlies, and her 545 is more than double the number in any other State."

"How is New York's weekly list?" inquired the editor, in doubt.

"She has 1,093, which is 22 greater than Illinois and 197 greater than Pennsylvania. To show how the nearness of the big cities cuts in on local publications," continued the sharp, "I call your attention to New Jersey, with a population of 1,444,933, having 396 publications, while Minnesota, with 1,301,826 people, or 143,107 less than New Jersey, has 563 publications, or 217 more. Still, New Jersey, with 46 dailies, is 10 ahead of Minnesota's list. The District of Columbia, with 230,802 population, has 4 dailies, while Wyoming, with 60,705 people, has an equal number. The District, however, with 70 publications, leads Wyoming, which has but 34. These two are the lowest in the list of dailies, except Alaska, which hasn't any, and but four of all kinds, three being weekly and one a monthly. Comparing a Northern and a Southern State, we find that Minnesota, with 1,301,826 people, has 563 publications, while Mississippi, with 1,289,-630, has 191 papers of all kinds, only ten of them being dailies. This is the lowest average of dailies to population in the Union."

"The colored people in that State ought to read the newspapers," suggested the editor.

"They ought to do a good many things" responded the sharp, "but that is another story. Most folks wouldn't believe it, but Maine and Louisiana have the same number of publications, 170, and Louisiana leads with 17 dailies to 16 in the State of Maine. In population Louisiana has 1,118,587, to 661,086 in Maine, which improves the face of the returns for Maine. Michigan and Massachusetts make a fair comparison of States East and Middle West, and Michigan, with 2,093,889 people, has 762 publications, to Massachusetts' 618 for 2,238,943. In dailies Massachusetts, with 79, leads by 14."

"I wouldn't have thought Michigan could make so good a showing," observed the editor.

"That's because you don't know Michigan," remarked the sharp. "Now, how do you think Texas would compare with Massachusetts?"

"Oh, not at all," exlaimed the editor, in horrified tones.

"And it doesn't," grinned the sharp. "Texas, with 3,400 less population, has 73 more publications than the old Bay State, with its century or two start. And there's Indiana, where the Hoosiers come from that the Bostonians turn up their noses at—Indiana, with nearly 50,000 people less than Massachusetts, has 202 more publications, and beats her in dailies the difference between 142 and 79. Now, how are you going to explain that?"

The editor shook his head sadly. He had been so proud of Massachusetts.

"Now, there's Idaho," continued the sharp, "a State where the wild and the woolly chew each other's necks and shoot the atmosphere full of holes. Idaho has 84,385 people and 67 publications, 3 of them daily, while Delaware, in the midst of the effete East, with a population of nearly double (166,393), has only about half as many (38), 5 of them daily. How are you going to get over that?"

The editor shook his head again, but not so sadly. He never thought much of the reading taste in a State where whipping posts grew without irrigation, anyhow.

"New Mexico shows the character of her people by having only 50 publications to 158,593 people, which shows that the greaser is not a voracious reader. Of the Southern States Georgia leads with 334 publications, 28 of them daily. Kentucky, with 21,000 more people, has but 293 publications, 24 of them daily. She has 218 weeklies to 237 in Georgia. Iowa makes a good showing with 1,911,896 people and 1,069 publications, 67 daily and 877 weekly, while Kansas, with 1,427,096 people, has but 689 in all, with 45 daily and 572 weekly. California is fine, too, with 1,208,-130 people and 676 publications, 108 daily and 460 weekly. This is largely due to her remoteness."

"That's where the circulation editors grow, isn't it?" asked the editor, with a wan smile.

"Um—er!" hesitated the sharp. "But as I was saying, it will no doubt break the heart of Rhode Island, which for so many years has sat under the intellectual drippings of Boston, to be compared with Oklahoma, where even at this moment nothing may be dripping save gore in gobs; but I shall make the comparison, and the figures show us that Oklahoma, with 61,834 people, has 101 publications in all, 11 daily and 79 weekly, while Rhode Island, with over five times the population (345,506), has but 67 publications, 17 daily and 36 weekly. Now let the Blue Hen's Chickens squawk," and again did the sharp smile with g. g.

"And Oregon," he went on, "with more than 50,000 less population than Rhode Island, has 190 publications, 21 of them being daily. Colorado, with only 412,198 people, does well to have 289 publications, 37 of them daily and 221 weekly. Indian Territory, with 125,000 population, has 61, 5 daily and 54 weekly. The President's State, with 3,672,316 people, most of them after office, has 1,173 publications, 164 being daily and 786 weekly. Bryan's State—you remember, it is Nebraska—shows up about as well as Ohio, for with less than a third the population (1,058,910) it has about half the number of publications (578), 29 of them daily and 498 weekly."

"Ahem!" observed the editor.

"Making another comparison," the sharp went on; "there is Vermont, with 332,422 people and 85 publications, 5 daily and 65 weekly, while New Hampshire, right alongside, with 376,590 people, only about 44,-000 more, has 104 publications, 14 daily and 74 weekly. Evidently that excess of population reads only home papers."

"Evidently," said the editor.

"From a general glance at these figures," said the sharp in conclusion, "it will be seen that the popular styles of paper are the daily, weekly and monthly, and that the monthly is more prevalent in the more settled, not to say more cultured, part of the country, though it would appear that Illinois, Chicago's home, has 251 monthlies, to 171 in Massachusetts, and 243 in Pennsylvania. Every State in the Union, and Territory, except Alaska, has dailies, with Idaho at the bottom of the list with three. All have weeklies, with Alaska at the bottom with three, and all have monthlies except Wyoming, with Alaska and Arizona at the bottom with one each. Good-by," said the sharp unexpectedly, and went away, the editor sighing the meanwhile, and wondering why in the name of goodness Noah ever took a pair of statisticians on board the ark when he sailed that time.—New York Sun.

A BRAVE MOTHER.

Senora Aguirre Wishes Her Daughters Were Sons to Fight for Cuba.

"I wish that my daughters were sons," the mother of the Aguirres said when some one sought to offer condolence for a recent bereavement. The dark eyes glowed and the voice trembled with the fervency of the woman's zeal for Cuban liberty. When the history of this struggle for independence closes, it will tell of no greater heroism and sacrifice than that of the Aguirres. Five of the seven brothers have given their lives for the cause. If it be pardonable to mention in the same breath the material sacrifice, then it may be said that over $1,000,000 in money and property has been laid on liberty's altar cheerfully by this family. With the memory of those brave lives gone out, and with the weight of impoverishment upon her, this Cuban mother can say:

"I wish that my daughters were sons."

Felix Aguirre was an aid to Gen. Arrangonte in the ten years' war. He was taken prisoner in battle. The Spaniards offered him life to betray the secrets of the revolutionists. Every morning they took him out and told him he would be shot if he didn't give the information desired. Fifteen times he was put through this torture. Fifteen times he looked death in the face and went back with sealed lips to his cell. Then the Spanish tired of trying to break this brave spirit, and the fatal volley was fired.

Manuel Aguirre was sent with a detachment of twenty men to receive a Spanish officer who had held out the pretext of a desire to join the insurrection. He fell into the ambuscade and was wounded. All night he lay bleeding in the woods. The Spanish found him in the morning. They told him that if he would say he wanted to surrender and claim amnesty they would accept his plea. The boy of eighteen scorned the offer and his captors killed him.

Gen. Jose M. Aguirre was the commander of the insurgent forces in Havana province. From exposure, while waiting for expeditions to land on the northern coast of the island, he took pneumonia and died.

Only a few days ago the dispatches from Cuba told of the atrocious treatment of Charles, the fourth of the Aguirre brothers to die in active service for Cuba libre. He was wounded in battle, taken prisoner by guerrillas, tied to the tail of a horse and dragged through the streets. This one of the Aguirres lived thirty years in the United States before he went to fight for the freedom of his native land.

Ramon Aguirre was wealthy when he became a member of the junta. He gave his money and his energies, and died as much a patriot as though he had fallen in battle. One is a bank cashier in Guanauto, Mex. Some must wait while others fight, or he too, would have been with Gomez long ago. The seventh of the brothers is now in Washington, devoting all of his time to the movement for American intervention.

"Why are you not in Cuba?" one who did not know the history of the Aguirres asked him recently.

"I am not there," was the answer, "because I feel that at present I can do more here for Cuba. But," the dark eyes flashed and the tone grew stern, "I pledge you that I will be in Cuba before this is ended."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

VANITY FAIR.

The number of designs in ribbon collars and belts to be worn with white and colored duck dresses is constantly on the increase. The patterns are all charming and the tintings, particularly those of green and red, truly exquisite.

Accessories of colored pique braided in white are "the" thing for white pique blouse and jacket suits.

Very narrow black velvet ribbons trim the latest frocks of cotton canvas fashioned over colored foundation linings.

The girl who has colored linen for an Eton suit should trim it with heavy blonde or white lace and binding of a contrasting shade, for Dame Fashion favors this style.

To be right in vogue you must have at least one gown of green muslin, and it should be embellished with velvet ribbon and black lace insertion, either Valenciennes or Chantilly.

Hats and bonnets are now made to match little girls' coats and jackets of colored pique and linen.

Blacklawn, dimity and foulard form fashionable shirt waists for those in mourning. Stylish afternoon and evening gowns are of black China crepe.

Bows of white Valenciennes insertion in leaf design, joined together lengthwise by strips of narrow black taffeta ribbon, form the blouse front, a lovely black taffeta bodice.

What do you think of the promised revival of gray for fall and winter gowns? Last year glaring purple; this season, demure Quaker like gray! But the advance models in gray stuffs that I have had the good fortune to see are not all simple in design. Some of the imported modes, indeed, are quite elaborate.

A gray feather boa is one of the necessities of a fashionable outfit just at present.

A Cure for the Blues.

There's a little window over the way,
Where the sun is shining all the day
On the yellow head of a baby at play—
Not a little one, understand!
For this baby is just "turned two," and so
Can toddle a little, to and fro,
Can talk a little, and, don't you know?
She's the brightest in the land!

No wonder the sun smiles broadly down,
For there's never a scowl and never a frown
From the sweetest baby in the town—
She is never sulky or sad;
For isn't her "daddy" always nigh
With two strong arms to toss her high,
Till she almost reaches the sunny sky?
(I suppose he is her "dad").

And when I am feeling sad or blue,
I go to my window, and, looking through,
I wave my hand, and she waves hers, too—
While the kisses fly on wings;
Then she shows me her ragged dolly dear,
And her woolly dog without an ear,
And all the rest of her very queer
And very precious things.

Then she sets them up in her baby style—
And her smile is so sweet that I must smile,
And forget my worries for awhile;
So here is my recipe:
'Tis a very good cure for feeling blue,
And I wish with all my heart that you
Could stand at my window and try it, too,
For it's never failed with me!

—Baltimore American.

RICHEST OF WOMEN AND A WIDOW

Mme. de Cousino, of Chile and Peru, Said to Be Coming to New York.

Senora de Cousino, the richest woman in the world, is coming to New York. She owns most of the copper mines in Chile and Peru, more than a hundred steamers and sailing vessels, and her palaces are akin to the fabled one of Aladdin.

According to current gossip in South America, Mme. de Cousino, or the Widow Cousino, as she is popularly known, is worth in the neighborhood of $100,000,-000, which amount is constantly increasing, for, despite her lavishness and extravagance, the widow is unable to spend even one-half of her enormous income, estimated at $8,000,000 annually. She is extravagant in a degree, and should she decide to entertain Gotham's Four Hundred, the Bradley-Martin ball would, of course, be eclipsed. The widow is quoted by Lima newspapers as saying that if she cannot get a mansion in New York city that pleases her she will build a palace in which to astonish and delight the effete North.

The greater part of the widow's wealth is inherited, but by shrewd management and clever investments she has managed to double the money left to her by her father and brother. The former, Senor Goyenechea, laid the foundation of his fortunes by developing the silver mine at Copiapo, Chile. When that mine ceased to yield paying ore he went into copper mining, and, in partnership with his son, prospered to such an extent that before their respective deaths they controlled every copper mine in Chile and Peru. Three-fourths of the copper consumed by the entire continent of Europe is supplied by the mines owned by the widow.

Some forty years ago Senor Goyenechea died and left his fortune, amounting to more than $40,000,000, to his son Enaterlo and his daughter Isidora. A few years afterward his widow married Senor Cousino, a wealthy merchant of Valparaiso, and it was his son who became the husband of Isidora, in 1855. After the deaths of her mother and brother the senora became the sole owner of the Goyenechea estate, together with that of her dead husband.

Then the widow, who possessed business instinct of remarkable degree, developed her enterprises until she became the richest woman in the whole world and one of the richest of human beings. The industries she controls are most varied, for, besides owning the richest copper mines in two countries, she possesses a hundred ships used in conveying the copper ore to the smelting works at Lota; silver mines in Chile, a great stock farm and vineyards at Macul, eight miles from Santiago, and the whole town of Lota.

This town—every bit of land, every house, all public works—in fact, everything in Lota belongs to the widow, and the 13,000 inhabitants get their living in the industries controlled by her. Among these industries, aside from the smelting works, which are among the largest in the world, are the potteries, which supply the whole of South America with pottery ware, and great coal mines of incalculable value. Lota was begun by the widow's father, and from a sleepy little Spanish village was developed into a bustling, enterprising town.

The stock farm and vineyard at Macul was the result of the sporting tastes of Senor Cousino. Being an up-to-date man, he determined to have the best horses to be had for money, and accordingly sent to England for thoroughbreds and grooms. Then he bought a few hundred square miles of fine land and established the stock farm, utilizing the surplus territory for vineyards. The latter cover about five thousand acres, and the wine produced is said by experts to be as good as anything that comes from Burgundy or the Rhine.

But while the industrial achievements of the widow make interesting reading, her palaces and herself are far more entertaining. Senor Cousino died in 1875, leaving besides his fortune six children, evenly divided as to sex and all married. They have establishments of their own, leaving their mother with three mammoth places of residence. The greatest of them is at Lota, which lies on a landlocked bay surrounded by high hills. On one side, and covering thousands of acres, are the park and residence of the widow. The gardens are marvels of beauty. There are fantastic grottos, terraces, statues, fountains, fernéries, magnificent flights of marble stairs and pretty and romantic sylvan nooks.

Summer houses of quaint design are scattered all over the place, many of them adorned with art treasures. There are only two stories to the house itself, which is built of brick and stucco. The walls are massive, to withstand the shocks of the frequent earthquakes.

In Santiago the town house is of white marble. With its gardens it occupies a square block in the heart of the city. It is said to have cost nearly $2,000,000 in silver.

The house at Macul is a duplicate, save that the gardens are of immense size, 200 hundred gardeners being employed the year around to keep them in order.

Senora Cousino, the owner of all this wealth, is about fifty-five years old, dark, tall and still a beautiful woman. She is extremely fond of entertaining, and if she comes to this city much will be heard and written about her.—New York Journal.

Too Much for the Teachers.

The other day a pupil in one of the public schools asked the teacher to do a little example in grammar, and since then what seemed at first to be a simple problem has had the serious consideration of all the pedagogues in the community, and it has been unanimously agreed that there is no rule in grammar to cover the point raised. The youngster's proposition was this:

"It is two miles to Woodfords. Now please write under that sentence: 'There are two t wos in the above sentence.'"

That is what the boy said. He did not subject the problem to writing, and when the teacher tried to follow his injunction she found out the reason why. It dawned on her that there were not two t wos, neither were there two toe, and how to express in writing what was easy enough to do verbally she ascertained to be impossible.

The boy responsible for the foregoing must be a near relative to the youth who asked his teacher how to spell Paris green, and when she replied: "P-a-r-i-s, Paris, g-r-e-e-n, green: Paris green," retorted: "No, you're wrong; you can't spell Paris green, or blue, or any other color. You can't spell it anything but Paris."—Daily Eastern Argus.

New York's Blue Law.

New York is either desperately wicked or desperately provincial, and you can determine which, if, being a Boston woman, with the craving for a cup of tea, you try to get it at half-past 5 o'clock in the restaurant of one of the best hotels on Fifth avenue. If only accompanied by another of the weaker sex the waiter will decline to serve you anything, not even that coveted and innocent beverage. His orders are that "no ladies without a masculine escort can sit there after 5:30 p. m." What a reflection on the decency of New York! Perhaps the extraordinary beauty and fascinations of Manhattan women make this rule necessary; perhaps the average New Yorker cannot respect even women who have no "beauty and fascinations;" but whatever may be the origin of this modern blue law it is ridiculous in an enlightened age and in a city that glories in being called "the Greater New York."—Boston Herald.